

A VETERAN'S VERDICT.

The War is Over. A Well-known Soldier, Correspondent and Journalist Makes a Disclosure.

ist Makes a Disclosure.

Indiana contributed her thousands of brave soldiors to the war, and no state bears a better record in that respect than it does. In literature it is rapidly acquiring an enviable place. In war and literature Solomon Yewell, well known as a writer as "Sol," has won an honorable position. During the late war he was a member of Co. M. 2d. N. Y. Cavalry and of the lith Indiana Infantry Volunteers. Regarding an important circumstance he writes as follows: "Several of us old veterans here are using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, Heart Cure and Nerve and Liver Pills, all of them giving splendid satisfaction. In fact, we have never used remedies that compare with them. Of the Pills we must say they are the best combination of their nature we have ever known. We have none but words of praise for them. They are the outgrowth of a new principle in medicine, and tone up the system wonderfully. We say to all, try these remedies. These remedies are sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, Si per bottle, six bottles Sc. express prepaid. They positively contain neither opiates nor dangerous drugs.

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THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches. EVANGELICAL.—Church 15:80 a. m., 7 p. m Sunday School 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m. REV. GREEN PAR-TOT. tor. SEYTERIAN, -Church10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday School 12 (m., Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7 p. m. Rev. M. L. Donauer, Pas-

T.AUGUSTINE.-Mass 8 a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespers 3 p. m. Rev.M. Puerz, Pastor. a. m., Vespers 2 p. m. REV.M. PUETZ, Fastor-METHODIST. —Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m., 8abnath School 2:15 a. m., Young People's Meeting 6:00 p. m., Epworth Lengue Meeting,
Wedneeday, 7 p. m., Prayer Weeting Thursday,
7 p. m., REV. I. N. KALB, Pastor.
PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m., (or
10 a. m., as announced previous Sinday) Sunday School 2 a. m. REV. W. L. Fishers, Pastor.

JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp., Church 10 s. m. Rev. W. L. Fisher, Pastor., EMANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Uhurch 2:30 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. Rev. L. Dammonn Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. - Napoleon Twp. Church10 a.m. Rev. L. Dammonn, Pastor. UNITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church every week, 10;30 a.m. and in the evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7 p. m REV. 1. D. INGLE, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—McClinre; church10 a.m., everyotherSunday, beginning January 18, 1891. Sabbath school 9:30 a.m. Prayer meeting Thursdays, 7 p.m. Ray, John Shellen, Pas-

COUNTY RECORD COUNTY OFFICERS.

Common Pleas Judge , J. M. Sheets Clerk . D. C. Brown Probate Judge . J. V. Ouff. Prosecuting Attorney . J. P. Ragan Bheriff . E. E. Decker Auditor . J. H. Resh Tressurer . Ferdinand Recessing Recorder . J. W. Hanna Surveyor . W. O. Hudson Coroner . J. S. Haly Commissioners . Max Reiser Levi King Infirmary Directors . H. W. Stuckman Infirmary Directors . W. M. Ward School Examiners . W. M. Ward Janitor . August Hirseland	4
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CHAPTER XIX. THE LION AND THE CUR.

Maxey's first impulse was to call assistance, but the discovery that Mr. Dye had not wholly lost consciousness deterred him. By the aid of wine, which he was able to procure without exciting any suspicion as to the use he would make of it, he succeeded in resuscitating the stricken man. After swallowing the contents of several glasses Mr. Dye was able to sit, or rather to recline, upon the sofa and to speak. His first dread was of the portrait. His first utterance was: "Turn the accursed thing away from

Maxey moved the easel, but even then the faded eyes would occasionally wan der in that direction with a look of uneasy suspicion, as if he more than half mistrusted that it was able to turn back upon him of its own volition.

The somber Dye was utterly crushed. The theatrical air and oratorical flourishes, which even in his most earnest moment≡ he had never wholly forgotten, had vanished, but the despair in his face was deeper than ever.

He asked Maxey to draw the center table, on which had been placed the decanter of wine, closer to him that he might reach it without assistance. Frequently a nervous tremor would shake his whole frame, and then he would seize the glass and swallow a mouthful with the desperate energy of a man who was fighting his last fight. Meanwhile he talked rapidly, flercely, like one in a delirium.

"Why do you have that here? Why was it necessary for you to scare me to cap?" death? You certainly could suspect nothing. You told me that she drew that face. I should have seen through the humor of that joke. Ha, ha, ha! Bright of you, wasn't it? You are so much craftier than you look, sir. But you weren't crafty enough to detect me in playing a part the first day I came here. Say, you never would have believed that I had been in this house before, would you? Didn't I do my part well? Ask Belfry if I showed the least tremor, if I faltered in my step, when I saw the house into which he was taking me. I am strong, but I cannot bear everything. But the picture? You bought it of course! Of course you bought it! Why did he have his face drawn like that? It's the expression I am talking about. The eyes, the eyes! There! There, it is around again looking at me. Turn it about, I tell you; turn it about!"

"I have turned it about. It is not looking at you, " said Maxey nervously.



"The cues, the cues! There!" Mr. Dye glared so at the back of the icture that there could be no doubt nat he thought he saw the face still. hen he uttered a horrible oath.

"Aye, grin on, grin on, will you?" he ried out defiantly. "You can't terrify ne. Not now, not now. I fear the livig, not the dead, not the dead." There burst from his lips a long peal

hysterical laughter. It was more than Maxey could bear. He went out for Dr. Lamar, and when he had returned with him locked the door to prevent his wife and sister from following.

Lamar examined the shaking, cowering wreck upon the sofa, and Maxey, impatient of delay in his decision, queried nervously:

"What's the matter with him?" "I should say he'd been drinking too

"Is that all? I thought it delirium tremens. "

"There is not a great deal of difference," said Lamar after listening to some of Dye's vehement utterances. 'He is crazy. We must get him away from here at once."

"No!" cried Maxey, "he shall not go, not if you say he is possessed of a thousand devils. He shall not go alive unless he has told the truth and all the truth!"

"The truth? What does he know?" "He knows everything. He knows my wife's parentage. He knows the secret of that affair on the sea road. He knows this face that Annette has sketched, and if the power remains to him he shall

tell! Mr. Dye heard and evidently partly comprehended these words, for he cried

> "Right, Mr. Maxey, right! Make him tell! He's a scoundrel! Make him tell!" Maxey sprang toward him and seized him by the arm, as if he would drag his secrets from him by physical force. "Speak out now, old man," he said, for the time for playing with me is passed. I will have the truth now. You recognize the Jew's face. Who is the Jew? What are your relations with

"The Jew, eh? You want to know about the Jew and my relations with him? Relations is a pretty word. I will tell you, Mr. Maxey, my relations with him. I was a whining cur. He was a

"Go on quickly," whispered Lamar in Maxey's ear. "Humor him. He is ripe for a confession. Make him talk while he can."

"Why did you fall down when I told you my wife had painted the lion's PROTECTION Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for

"Why? Roomen she never easy the Jow. He was a crafty man. He ruled her destiny, but he never showed himself -never but once, and then- The wine! Give me the wine! Why will you keep that accursed thing in the room? Take it out, I say! Take it out of my sight.' Dr. Lamar promptly removed the

easel, and Mr. Dye seemed to breathe ensier. Maxey asked another question: "The Jew, the lion, ruled her destiny? What was his name?" Mr. Dve bent close down and answer

ed in a whisper: "His name was Felix Rosenfel, and l killed him!"

Maxey shrank back. "It startles you, does it?" went on the wretched Dye. "It makes you draw away from me? You did not know the Jew, or you would feel more like humbling yourself before me. Ah, a man can be crushed and ground and trampled underfoot and despised and spat upon, and then the time may come when even the cur will turn and rend the lion! Say, my fine fellow"-he turned toward Lamar-''you're a good judge. Isn't that so?"

"Undoubtedly," said Lamar encouragingly. "Undoubtedly that is very true. He spat upon you, and you killed him. Very good. He had been grinding you under his feet for a very long while?" "Gentlemen, this will be a private affair between us, strictly private. We will review this case together, and we shall judge together whether I did well. There shall be no judge, no jury, no hangman's rope about this, will there,

"Decidedly not." "No. Well, put it down first that a very long time ago I was a merchant's clerk, and Felix Rosenfel was that merchant's private secretary. Got that down? Well, I stole money, and he found it out. That was the beginning. But it was not the end; no, not the end!"

Mr. Dye talked in a rapid, feverish manner and clutched the sleeve of Maxey's coat. His faded eyes had so much the appearance of a maniac's that the artist could not help an involuntary shrinking.

The wretch's manner was variable. A fierce outbreak was succeeded by a period of comparative calmness. After his last sentence he suddenly burst out with a peal of forced laughter. He pointed to Lamar and Maxey in turn as though they were the most olvious objects of mirth.

"What a pair of simpletons you are, gentlemen! Do you expect me to go on and tell you all about my affairs with the Jew, with my dear Felix, the lion? Oh, no, not at all; not at all (becoming serious). He got me under his feet, and there he kept me, grinding his heel round and round and round and never letting

When he had woven such a web around me that he held my honor, my yes, you will do this for the good, kind freedom, my life, in his hand, then he Jew, the sweet, amiable Rosenfel! was satisfied (becoming pathetic). Now, Yes, but you must do more. She is getask me to confess how it was that my colution a long time ago. Don't let us rake it up at this late day and harry up people's souls needlessly. Besides it loesn't concern any of us. "Very well," said Lamar, "let it go.

that this Jew involved you in a crime the detection of which would have hanged you."

Mr. Dye caught his arm and supplicated him.

"Oh my good man don't talk that way! You hurt my feelings, for I've got a little way and look. There! The paper them, bad as I am, and besides that is flashes up—the paper in the grate, and I'll whisper to you a secret. When I get | The second time is better than the first. reduced to the last extremity and I want only one more drink to carry me off, I ing hands. 'She is dead now, Dye.' See! know an ambitious detective to whom I He is dragging her back upon the bed. can sell my knowledge. How does that | Quick! He calls to you, 'A light!' What seem for a plan? It can't hang me then, my whisky."

Mr. Dye suddenly became mirthful and chuckled.

"This is terrible!" murmured Maxey. Mr. Dye immediately grew fierce

again. "But it isn't for any regard of him that I keep silent. Don't mistake me there. But for that accursed Jew I might today have been well and respectable, with a home, a wife, children, perhaps. How does it turn out? My wife dies of a broken heart. I am an outcast. The only child I ever had-she whom I rear-

ed from her infancy-I cannot look in the face. I am a broken, tottering wretch, and all through him. Do you wonder, then, that I killed him? Do you won-There was that affair on the sea road. I told him that she knew a part of the secret. He got white with rage, and I cringed before him. He held me to blame for it. Curse him! What had I done? 'I have kept you alive all these years. You have lived on my bounty, you miserable cur!' he said. Yes, gentlemen, he called me a cur. So I was too. You couldn't blame him for that. He was right. But it enraged me to hear him say it. I knew I was, but he made me so. Oh, to have strangled him then and there! Then he said, 'You go home and come again when I have thought about it.' That is what I did, just what

he told me; always his slave and his tool. "Then when I came again he says, with that devilish smile of his: 'It is all right, Dye, my boy. We must write a letter from that Hangood woman. She'd be likely to believe in her. We must get her out of town to some lonely place. The Somerset road will do. I have thought it all out.' 'What for, what for, old Jew?' 'Because it is necessary.

That's enough. Let us bring her to the sea road Tuesday night. I will be in a sleigh, you on foot. She will wait by the side of the road. You will walk past. If all is well, you will give me the word as you see me driving by. If all is not well, you will not give me the

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

word, and I will go up the road a piece and turn and come back till you say to me go on.' Yes, yes, all very well, devilish Jew, but what for, what for?' Are you insane that you question me? You do your part. Leave me to mine.' Well, well, my sweet Felix, I have done much for you. No deabt my love me go on.' 'Yes, yos, all very well, You do your part. Leave me to mine. for you is very great, but am I a monster? Am I utterly without soul? Has your tyrranous heel crushed out every spark of the man in me? Will I deliver up an innocent girl who trusts me? No: a thousand times no, old Jew! 'Are you going daft? Don't you know what my power is? Have you forgotten Dule and the rest?" 'I forget nothing. Believe me yet, my memory is very, very good. Ah, proud Jew, some day that memory may cost you something. But now you shall be defied.' 'You don't mean to defy me. You want something. What do you want?' 'Your promise, your solenin promise, that she shall not be harmed, else I am done. ' 'Harm? Who said harm? You wrong me. I do not wish her ill. wish only to talk to her. Oh, I shall transferred-not two fingers alike; even take excellent care of her! I shall be "the left hand knoweth not what the kind and gentle to her. Of that you right hand doeth." They are distinctly have my promise, Dye, old boy. Of that different. Even twins may be so little you may rest assured.' 'Old Jew, you different in size, features and general swears it then-Felix Rosenfel, the Jew, are radically different. lays his hand in mine and swears he will not harm an innocent child.

"What next? We are on the road, and there she is alone. Once we try. ard. I begin to run. What are you run- back the natal autograph.—Louisville ning from up the white road, in the cold, | Courier-Journal. with the snow all about you, cur Dye! Go back and watch over that innocent child. Your cowardice killed your wife, ruined your life. Now what? Go back and watch over that innocent child. The Jew is merciless. The Jew is unsernpulous. What are his promises? What are his oaths? Go back and watch over that innocent child. It rings in your ears till you no longer dare go on. You turn back. Dye, the coward, turns back. No Jew there. Only the white, cold road and the dash of the water. What is this in the snow? A shawl! Her shawl! Look well at it, with straining eyes and a choking breath. Where is she? Where is she, coward, fool, dupe, idiot, where is she? Go to the cliff and look over. Go close, close up, and look over. There! Do you hear that? That is the water. But that other-that moaning, feeble utterance? That is a spirit. He has killed her! Do you hear that, Dye? The Jew has killed her! No wonder you put your fingers in your ears and run! Run, run, run! Across the field and up the road, to stumble, to fall, and then push on again, with your fingers in your ears. You cannot shut it out. You cannot drown its cry. The Jew has killed her, and her spirit moans and wrings its hands, and all through you. Remember this, coward Dye. Look back over your past life and think of the ambitious beginning and the pitiful end. Good family, talents, education. But still where are you? And alethrough him. How long, how long, shall he go

Do not be impatient. The moment comes. She is not dead. She lives. She lives. "Dye, you must watch the house, me go. The more I did the more I must the house in the quiet street. You must tell the Jew all who go in and out. Oh, entlemen, don't be unreasonable. Don't | ting well. You must come up with him the long flights of stairs to keep watch life got into his hands. That's a dead while he goes in. Do you remember that, matter. People gave up looking for a Dye? Do you remember his devilish cunning and his plausible airs? Do you remember the soft knock that is not answered, the creaking door, the cautious voice, whispering, 'Watch here that no one comes upon the stairs while I go It amounts simply to an understanding in? What will you do, Dye? You have whisky in your pocket. What will you do? Drink! Drink for courage! Why not call for help? The Jew is trapped. He is there. Drink more and deeper. You must have courage. Sh! What is he doing? Did you hear that gasp? Step in my last card. Esteem my confidence, and there he is at the fire looking at her! She is black in the face from his chok-

on despising you, trampling on you?

He, with his devilish face and black,

black heart? Wait, good Dye. Wait.

is he doing? A match to guide him while for I shall be dead, and I shall have had he arranges her dead hands! Devilish, devilish cunning! What a monster is this Jew! A step on the stair! Run quickly, Dye, and lock the door! Escape! Where? How? By the window, to the roof, and so out of the reach of all pursuit. There is pounding and calling at the door! They will break it in! Quick, quick, now! Who will go first? The Jew! Oh, yes, the Jew, the great

and important Jew! "What is your life worth, you cur, beside his? He moves in society. Where are you? The window is open. He stands upon the sill. He is climbing. He will escape. No! No! At last, Dye, the whisky has done its work. You are no longer a croaching sycophant. Strike now! Now or never! See him struggle to keep his hold! See him losing strength, bit by bit, against those fearful odds! He cannot long hold out. Dye, you have a giant's strength, if you are old and worn out, through him, before your time. Go, cursed Jew! You have torn his desperate fingers from their hold, and there, in the darkness he is going down, over and over, to the end. The Jew is dead! The Jew is dead!" Mr. Dye rose up. His eyes, which had more and more, as he went on, as-

sumed a steady look ahead, fixed on the vacant wall in front of him. Both Maxey and the physician accompanied him simultaneously, each with a strong grasp on an arm. They did not know what in his delirious state he might be impelled to do. He only spoke

out mockingly: "Jew, Jew, Felix Rosenfel, the Jew, rise up out of your place in the cold water and dare to say that I have lied!" He was silent a minute. His body became rigid and then convulsive.

Their combined strength was barely sufficient to hold him. His whole frame became contorted, and crying out in a terrible voice: "There he comes! There he comes! He is there on the carpet, wet and dripping!" he fell back, frothing at the month.

[CONTINUED.]

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

NATAL AUTOGRAPHS.

each one of us from every other fellow being. These physical marks never change from the cradle to the grave. This born autograph is impossible to counterfeit, and there is no duplicate of it among the teeming billows in the world. Look at the insides of your hands and the soles of your feet; closely examine the ends of your fingers. You see circles and curves and arches and whorls, some prominent with deep corrugations, others minute and delicate, but all a well defined and closely traced pattern. There is your physiological signature. Run your hands through your hair and press finger nails on a piece of clear

smile. But I am serious. This is no physical condition as to be scarcely diswhim of mine. I'll hear your oath.' He | tinguishable, yet their finger antographs In fact, in all humanity every being carries with him on his baby fingers and his wrinkled hand of decrepit old age the identical curves, arches and circles Twice we try. Passers always. At last! that were born with him. Nothing ex-My hand is waved. That is the signal. | cept dismemberment can obliterate or Third time wins. Sleigh stops. I hear disguise them. Criminals may burn and nothing. I am seized with a terror. I sear their hands, but nature, when she ought to look back, but no. I am a cow- restores the cuticle, invariably brings

Dr. Hand's Colic Cure in Ohio.

CEDARVILLE, O., May 4th, 1893. I heartily recommend forever Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children. My baby had colic so bad I was almost worn out. A lady friend told me of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure, I bought a 25c bottle and both baby and myself now have sweet and refreshing sleep. I also find Dr. Hand's Pleasant Physic of great benefit to myself and child.

Respectfully yours MRS GEO. BOYD. Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children, 25c. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon. PENGUINS FEEDING.

The Transformation That Takes Place When

They Enter the Water. The appearance of the keeper, with his pail of live gudgeon, is the signal for sudden and intense excitement in the cages. The penguins wave their little flippers and waddle to the door, whence they peer eagerly down the wooden steps leading to the pool. The cormorant croaks and sways from side to side, and the darters poise their snaky heads and spread their batlike wings. At the water's edge the penguins do not launch themselves upon the surface like other waterfowl, but instantly plunge beneath.

Once below water an astonishing change takes place. The slow, ungainly bird is transferred into a swift and brilliant creature, beaded with globules of quicksilver, where the air clings to the close feathers, and fiving through the clear and waveless depths with arrowy speed and powers of turning far greater than in any known form of aerial flight. The rapid and steady strokes of the wings are exactly similar to those of the air birds, while its feet float straight out level with the body, unused for propulsion, or even as rudders, and as little needed in its progress as those of a wild duck when on the wing.

The twists and turns necessary to follow the active little fish are made wholly by the strokes of one wing and the cessation of movement in the other. and the fish are chased, caught and swallowed without the slightest relaxation of speed in a submarine flight which is quite as rapid as that of most birds which take their prey in midair. In less than two minutes some 30 gudgeon are caught and swallowed below water the only appearance of the hirds on the surface being made by one or two bounds from the depths, when the head and shoulders leap above the surface for a second and then disappear.

Any attempt to remain on the surface leads to ludicrous splashing and confusion, for the submarine bird cannot float. It can only fly below the surface. Immediately the meal is finished both penguins scramble out of the water and shuffle, with round backs and drooping wings, back to their cage to dry and digest. - Spectator.

John G. Mauger Editor of the Sunbeam, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleve-land for the Presidency in Nov., 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffelo, N. Y., is inthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind consider it the best preparation and the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household. For sale by D. J. Humprey, Napology, Na eon, O.

One of the Unknown Quantities. There are many persons who talk very earnedly about electricity and seem to fancy that they have found out all about it that is worth knowing. In the face of ideas of this sort comes on an accident without precedent indeed, one that under ordinary circumstances would be counted impossible. A workman in oiling the machinery of a small electric fan-one used merely for the purpose of cooling the air in a business -accidentally touched the wire and was instantly killed. The current that runs the fan is said to have scarce ly power enough to give a gentle shock when touched. An electrician who has recently been making some important experiments has demonstrated that by using electricity in a certain way 50 times the current usually employed for executing criminals may be passed through the human body without injury. Is it not possible, then, that very weak currents under certain conditions may possess power hitherto unsuspected? -New York Ledger.

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All Free. Those who have used Dr. King's and get a sample box of Dr. Klug's New Life Pills, free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guar-anteed to do you good and cost you nothing. At Humphrey's Drugstore

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